

The LOVER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi !

Hor.

Tuesday, March 16. 1714.

UPON my opening the Lover's Box this Morning, I found nothing in it but the following Letter, made up very nicely, and sealed with a little *Cupid* holding a flaming Heart in each Hand, and circumscribed, *Love unites us*. I find, by the Contents of this Letter, that my Correspondent will soon change his Device, and perhaps make the Figure of *Hymen* perform that part which, at present, he has assigned to *Cupid*.

S I R,

AS you are a Man of Experience in the World, I beg your Advice in a Matter of great Importance to me. I have, for some time, been engaged in a close Friendship with a fine Woman: Your Knowledge of Mankind will easily inform you of the Purport of that Phrase. In short, I have lived with her, as with a *She-Friend*, in the utmost Propriety of that Term; but, at present, I am under a very great Embarrass; for having run out most of my Fortune, in the Course of my Conversation with her, I find my self necessitated to go into a new way of Life, and by that means to make my self whole again. A favourable Opportunity presents it self: A rich Widow (the common Refuge of us idle Fellows) has spoke kindly of me, and I have Reason to believe will very shortly put me in Possession of her Person and Jointure. Tell me, dear Mr. Myrtle, how I shall communicate this Affair to the poor Creature whom I am going to forsake. If I know her Temper, she loves me so well that she would rather see me beggar'd and undone, than in a State of Wealth and Ease with another Woman. She will call my Endeavours to make my self happy, being false to her. Nay, I don't know but she may be Fool enough to make away with her self; for the last time I talk'd to her, and mentioned this Affair at a distance, she seem'd to show a curst hankering after purling Streams.

(Price Two Pence.)

Let me Conjure thee, old *Marmaduke*, if thou wilt not give me some Advice, to give some Advice to this poor Woman; make her sensible that a Man does not take a Mistress for Better for Worse, and that there is some Difference between a Lover and a Husband: But you know better than I can tell you, what to say upon so nice a Subject.

I am,

Your most humble Servant,

W. T.

There is nothing which I more abhor, than that kind of Wit which betrays a hardness of Heart. Inhumanity is never so odious, as when it is practised with Mirth and Wantonness. If I may make so free with my Correspondent, he seems to be a Man of this unlucky Turn. I shall not fall into the same Fault which I condemn in him; but, that I may be serious on such an Occasion, will desire my Readers to consider thoroughly the Evils which they are heap- ing up to themselves, when they engage in a Criminal Amour. If they die in it, they know very well what must be the dreadful Consequence. If either of them break loose from the other, the Mal- ancholy and Vexation, that are produced on such Occasions, are too dear a Payment for those Plea- sures which preceded and are past, as though they had never been.

The Woman is generally the greatest Sufferer in Cases of this Nature; for by the long Observations I have made on both Sexes, I have established this as a Maxim, that *Women dissemble their Passions better than Men, but that Men subdue their Passions better than Women*.

I have heard a Story to my present Purpose, which has very much affected me. The Gentleman, from whom I heard it, was an Eye Witness of several parts of it.

About

About ten Years ago there lived at Vienna a German Count, who had long entertained a secret Amour with a young Lady of a considerable Family. After a Correspondance of Gallantries, which had lasted two or three Years, the Father of the young Count, whose Family was reduced to a low Condition, found out a very advantageous Match for him, and made his Son sensible that he ought, in common Prudence, to close with it. The Count, upon the first Opportunity, acquainted his Mistress very fairly with what had passed, and laid the whole matter before her, with such freedom and openness of Heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one Meeting more before they parted for ever. The Place appointed for this their Meeting, was a Grove which stands at a little distance from the Town. They conversed together in this Place for some time, when on a sudden the Lady pulled out a Pocket Pistol, and shot her Lover into the Heart, so that he immediately fell down Dead at her Feet. She then returned to her Father's House, telling every one she met what she had done. Her Friends, upon hearing her Story, wou'd have found out means for her to make her Escape; but she told 'em she had killed her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same reason she was resolved to follow him by whatever way Justice should determine. She was no sooner seized, but she avowed her Guilt, rejected all Excuses that were made in her favour, and only begged that her Execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her Head cut off, and was apprehensive of nothing but that the Interest of her Friends should obtain a Pardon for her. When the Confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the Soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his Case was very dangerous, considering the Circumstances in which he died. Upon this so desperate was her Frenzy, that he bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same place where the Count was. The Priest was forced to give her better hopes of the Deceased, from Considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so Criminal a Commerce, and leading a new Life, before he could bring her Mind to a Temper fit for one who was so near her End. Upon the Day of her Execution she dressed her self in all her Ornaments, and walked towards the Scaffold more like an expecting Bride than a Condemned Criminal. My Friend tells me, that he saw her placed in the Chair, according to the Custom of that Place, where after having stretched out her Neck with an Air of Joy, she called upon the Name of the Count, which was the appointed Signal for the Executioner, who, with a single Blow of his Sword, severed her Head from her Body.

My Reader may draw, without my Assistance, a suitable Moral out of so Tragical a Story.

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